

## Bonus

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## Bonus

by [SlimReaper](#)

### Summary

For all his brag-and-bluster, Rodimus has actually never overloaded in his life, and Megatron is determined not only to rectify that but also untangle a bit of the emotional mess that is his co-captain.

### Notes

This fic is for the amazing larbestaaargh!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Rodimus vented heavily, bracing his forearms against the wall to get better leverage to press back into each deep thrust. Megatron gripped his hips tight and increased the pace, grunting every time his spike slammed home, his EM field crackling with excitement and charge.

This was the part Rodimus liked best, when his partner was right on the edge of overload and he

could feel the ecstasy starting to overtake them. He filled his own field with all the pleasure he felt and then arched his spinal strut, throwing his helm back and shouting Megatron's name as he clenched his valve around Megatron's spike in a rippling wave that was sure to send him over the edge.

Megatron's thrusts stuttered, losing their rhythm just as Rodimus expected, and he braced for a burst of charge to light up his valve.

But what he didn't expect was for Megatron to pull out completely instead of thrusting faster to hit his own overload. Rodimus hesitated, still panting, wondering what he'd done wrong. He was *certain* he'd timed that right. "Megatron?"

"Not finished with you yet," Megatron said, and although he was every bit as breathless as Rodimus, he didn't sound nearly as close as Rodimus had thought he was. One hand left his hip and slid around to cup his still-recessed spike in its housing. "Give me," he ordered--it wasn't a request.

Rodimus dropped his forehelm against his arms and let his spike pressurize into his co-captain's waiting hand. He didn't have to fake a moan at the way Megatron swept his palm back over Rodimus' valve before stroking the lubricants down his spike. Oh, that felt *good*, and he let his hips rock in time with Megatron's hand. "Get back inside me while you do that," he gasped.

He jumped when Megatron bit the nape of his neck instead. He flicked his glossa over the bite and thumbed the tip of Rodimus' spike for a moment before returning to the rhythm he'd set. "Too close," he murmured against his plating. "Not going to overload before you."

*Frag.* Faking an overload was harder with his spike than his valve, but Rodimus could do it. He closed his optics to concentrate and really it wasn't that much of a hardship to let Megatron jack him off. He was good at it, occasionally dragging his palm through the wetness leaking from Rodimus' valve to maintain the slickness, adding a little gripping-twist over the tip every few strokes. Megatron's field broadcast satisfaction at the pleasure in Rodimus' EM projections and that was good, too. He moaned louder, throwing in Megatron's name or *oh Primus* every so often, letting his hips rock a little faster as his frame started to shake...

"Ohhh fragging Primus, *Megatron!*" Rodimus cried, thrusting unevenly into his hand and hoping the wetness Megatron had smeared along his length would disguise the lack of ejaculate. He canted his hips back, expecting Megatron to drive his spike back inside him again to join him in overload.

Instead, Megatron's hand stilled on his spike and his field withdrew. "Rodimus, don't do that."

Rodimus froze. "Do what?"

Megatron released his spike and turned him around, and although he was frowning, his optics were concerned, not angry. "You know exactly what. I'm clearly not getting you off or you wouldn't be pretending. Tell me what you need instead of faking it."

Rodimus' faceplates heated and he had to force himself to hold Megatron's gaze. Dammit, how the frag did he *know*? "I'm not fak--"

The frown turned into a scowl at that. "And don't do *that* either," Megatron growled, and suddenly he looked every inch the imposing warrior he was. "Don't lie to me. I spent millions of years surrounded by the best liars in the universe, most of whom would happily kill me the instant I showed any lapse in attention. You may be skilled at faking it, but I'm a damn *expert* at reading body language. You're not going to fool me."

Rodimus bit his lip and Megatron's expression shifted to worry. His hands gentled on Rodimus' shoulders. "You know, if you don't want to do this..." he began, genuine concern in his voice now. "Rodimus, I don't know what you may have heard about me, but you *can* tell me no. I'm not going to force--"

"No!" Rodimus blurted, but when Megatron looked stricken and actually stumbled back from him, yanking his hands away from Rodimus as if he'd been burned and trying to shove his spike back into its housing despite still being fully pressurized, he hurried to clarify. "No, I meant--I *do* want to do this, all right?" Megatron didn't look entirely convinced so Rodimus laid a hand on his forearm, letting his field envelop him so he could feel his sincerity for himself. "You haven't forced me into anything. I'm here because I want to be. I'm fragging you because I want to. I came here tonight because I wanted to do this. Okay?"

Relief filled Megatron's field. He covered Rodimus' hand with his own. "I'll believe you about that if you'll believe me when I say that I won't be at all offended if you tell me what I need to do differently to get you off. You keep coming close but not quite getting there, and *almost* isn't good enough." He cupped the speedster's cheek in his free hand. "Tell me what you want and it will be my pleasure to give it to you. You don't have to fake it with me, Rodimus."

Rodimus stared at him. He'd had a lot of lovers, but rarely had any been this perceptive. "Um," he said, pulling in his field in a last-ditch effort to hide his embarrassment, "just keep doing what you were doing?"

He hadn't meant it to come out as a question. Megatron didn't say anything, though. He merely looked at him, patiently waiting for Rodimus to tell him the truth.

Rodimus sighed harshly and looked away. "All right, you want to know the real answer? There's nothing you can do differently to get me to overload because I *won't*. So can we get back to--"

"What do you mean, you won't?" Megatron's voice easily overrode his and if Rodimus had shocked him with that admission, he didn't show it. His expression didn't change in the slightest and his tone held only polite inquiry. "You don't overload how? With your valve? With a partner? Tell me what we need to change and we will change it."

Primus, this was humiliating, but at least Rodimus had been through it before and knew how it usually went. He'd learned that the best way to get past it was to just say it all at once. "More like I don't overload at all, never have, so there's nothing to change. And before you start, I can answer your questions before you ask them. *No* I can't get myself off, *yes* I've been checked out by the medics, *yes* even Ratchet, *no* there's nothing wrong with my sensornet or array, *yes* I've used toys and relaxation techniques and tried pleasure-drones and processor-altering substances and whatever else you can think of, *no* nothing got me close. It's just how I am and it's *fine*. I do want to continue and I do want you to get yours, so--"

Megatron looked as surprised as everyone else had when he'd admitted this, and his next words also followed the typical script. "May I try something?"

Rodimus bit back another sigh. Expected as it was, he still didn't enjoy these conversations. "If you're going to do the whole *I bet I can get you off* thing, I don't want to be rude, but please don't waste your time. Like I said, I've been like this for my entire functioning and in four million years, I promise you that I've tried it all. Anyway, I don't need to overload to have fun. I enjoy everything else about interfacing, it does feel good, I just don't get the little bonus at the end."

Megatron still didn't look entirely convinced, but his voice was gentle when he spoke again. "If you do genuinely wish to continue, may I make two requests?"

Rodimus hesitated. This was a little different from how things had gone before. Megatron sounded so formal, which could either be good or bad. There was only one way to find out which. "I don't promise to agree," he warned, because Primus knew what manner of twisted interface methods the Decepticons had invented and he preferred to hold off on kinks until he knew his lovers much better, "but you can ask, yeah."

"Thank you," Megatron replied. He smiled and there was no mockery in it. "The first request is that you refrain from giving false reactions. I prefer honesty in all things, most especially in the berth. If you truly do not need to overload to enjoy interfacing, then I do not need you to pretend in order to keep up the pretense. You truly do not have to fake anything for me."

That was easy enough to agree to and it also took a lot of pressure off Rodimus. "Sure," he said. "What's the other one?"

"Also honesty," Megatron replied, still with that same formality. "You said that interfacing feels good to you even though you don't overload, and I would appreciate your direction. Please tell me how to maximize your enjoyment."

Rodimus stared at him for a moment, caught off-guard. "You won't overload me like that," he hedged, because some mecha thought they were sneaky and he'd been through that little game before. "Please just accept that this is how I'm built."

"No, you misunderstand me. It wasn't intended to be a trick question. I'm aware that you won't reach overload, but I would still like to make this as good for you as it can possibly be," Megatron said. When Rodimus still hesitated, he added, "You don't have to tell me. But if I can't give you some kind of satisfaction from this, however you determine that, then I don't want to continue. I'm not doing this only to take pleasure from you. This is supposed to be about giving it back, as well."

Megatron had left his field open and Rodimus could sense the sincerity and determination in his projections. He really would stop, even revved up as he was, if he thought Rodimus was only putting up with 'facing him instead of actually wanting and enjoying it.

He struggled to figure out what to say, because while he did want to continue and of course he knew the answer to the question, he wasn't sure how to phrase it in a way that wouldn't sound completely fragging ridiculous. And what was worse, he was well aware that he had already hesitated too long to make this look anything close to casual.

Even so, Megatron didn't rush him to speak. He just stood patiently and waited despite his fans still blowing hot and his spike still fully pressurized and glistening with lubricants from Rodimus' valve. Hot as any fever-driven pornographic fantasy, patient as a mountain.

Finally Rodimus dropped his helm back against the wall and closed his optics so he wouldn't have to see Megatron's reaction to this. "All right, fine, you want to know what I like?" he sighed. "I like being touched and kissed and held and all the cheesy romantic crap no one would ever expect from *Hot Rod* and I'm sure you didn't want to hear all of that on a first encounter, all right?" He winced, waiting for the laughter.

It didn't come. "You like the closeness," Megatron said, and the soft words surprised Rodimus enough that he looked at his co-captain again. There was none of the contempt he'd expected in his face. In fact, his optics were warm and accepting, and when he saw the surprise that Rodimus couldn't quite hide, his lips quirked in a sardonic smile. "You'll get no judgment from me. No one would expect to hear me say that I prefer the same thing. I know how it feels to be... shall we say, perceived in a certain way, and to be a bit hesitant to say I want something different."

Despite the awkwardness and embarrassment, Rodimus found himself chuckling. Megatron's little smirk turned into a real smile and that gave the speedster the courage to blurt out the rest. "If that didn't run you off, then how about this? What I like best of all is when I can feel my lover's field when they're really revved up and into it. If you really want to know what to do to make me enjoy it as much as possible, do *your* favorite things and let me feel your field?"

That also hadn't been intended to come out as a question, but once again, Megatron didn't mock him for the show of uncertainty. Instead, he smiled. "Then I think a change of location is in order," he said, and before Rodimus could ask what he meant, Megatron swept him off his feet. It was so sudden and unexpected that it stole his voice for a moment.

A moment was all it took for the destination to be clear. Megatron crossed the room toward his berth in long strides. Rodimus' gyros spun at the shock of being swept up so effortlessly, Megatron still clearly possessing a gladiator's strength despite the poisoned energon he was rationed to keep him weak.

Rodimus couldn't help but remember the taste of the high-grade he'd downed before coming here to Megatron's hab, a deliciously sweet shot of energy-rich liquid courage. He had bottles upon bottles of engex of every flavor, and if he ever got tired of his own stash, he could go down to Swerve's and order something new whenever he wanted.

But even Swerve was required to serve Megatron nothing but that low-energy fool's energon.

Guilt overshadowed his anticipation and he caught Megatron's face in his hands as the enormous mech laid him gently down. "I'm sorry," he blurted.

Megatron stopped where he was. Leaning over Rodimus, one knee on the berth beside his hip and hands braced on either side of his helm, he seemed to fill the entire universe. "Why are you apologizing?"

"For..." Rodimus felt a little silly now that he'd started speaking, but he'd never had much of a filter between his processor and his vocalizer. Off-topic as this was, there was nothing to do but go on. "For the fool's energon you have to drink. I know it's gross." And he did, too. He'd never had much of a handle on his curiosity either, and he'd tasted it once.

Once had been more than enough.

But Megatron only smiled. "I bet I can find something better to taste," he purred.

A surge of excitement swept down Rodimus' spinal strut and pooled low in his pelvis. Maybe he couldn't overload, but that didn't mean he couldn't fully appreciate the feeling of a warm, wet, eager glossa on his array. He opened his mouth to tell Megatron as much but the words died against the warlord's kiss.

And oh, but Megatron could kiss. He didn't crush their mouths together or shove his glossa in deep like a conquering warlord. No, he teased his lips over Rodimus', slowly, softly, taking his sweet time before just dipping the tip of his glossa inside to tease Rodimus' out to play. He sighed and closed his optics, revelling in the kiss that spun on and on.

Even better, Megatron's EM field bloomed to life and bathed the speedster in the reflection of his warmth and pleasure. Any worry that he felt any reluctance about the change from a hard, fast frag up against the wall to this was instantly swept aside. Accepting the slower pace his lover set, Rodimus let his hands wander over the larger frame, finding sensitive transformation seams, adjusting his caresses according to the responses in Megatron's field. He hid nothing, giving

Rodimus all the access he could want to his reactions.

It was everything he craved all wrapped up in one perfect, blissful, endless kiss.

Rodimus moaned when Megatron broke the kiss some unknowable time later to move to kissing his neck instead--Primus, he could've done just that for the rest of the night cycle. "Vector Sigma, mech, you know how to use that mouth of yours," he whispered.

Megatron chuckled against his throat. "You haven't seen anything yet," he murmured in between soft, slow, hot kisses and sharp, stinging nips that made Rodimus jump and moan.

His armor flared as heat poured off his frame. "Yeah, about that," Rodimus said. He shifted his hips, trying to spread his thighs enticingly but unable to because of the position of Megatron's legs. "Any time you're ready, big guy."

Megatron bit him again, a little harder this time. "Patience," he chided.

Rodimus dug his fingertips in between the treads on the back of Megatron's arms. Heat rocked the field entwined with his own and he lifted his legs as much as he could to rub against his lover's inner thighs. "Yeah, patience isn't really what I'm known for," he said breathlessly. He didn't know if Megatron had intended to suck his spike or lick his valve and he didn't care. He just wanted that hot, gentle glossa on his array and he wanted it *now*.

Another low chuckle, deep vibrations sending a thrill through Rodimus. "You talk too much."

He grinned and raised a knee to rub against Megatron's aft. "So shut me up."

Megatron laughed but didn't do anything Rodimus had expected--namely, he didn't kiss him again and he didn't offer to let him occupy his mouth with something else. Instead he kept up the same slow, thorough pace of kisses across his chestplate and stroked one big hand down his side. It came to rest on his hip and Rodimus twisted, trying to get it somewhere more interesting.

But when that single hand did finally move, it was to splay over his stomach plates and press down to pin him. "Cease your wriggling," he said sternly. "We are doing this at my pace."

Rodimus did stop his wriggling--he had no choice. "Megatron!" he cried, half frustrated out of his mind and half desperately turned on by how easily Megatron could overpower him. Frag, being at the mercy of that kind of strength was *hot*.

Amusement filled Megatron's field as he finally pulled away from those hot, exploring kisses that were making Rodimus crazy. "Now now," he said as he looked down at Rodimus. "Did you not just tell me that the best way to please you is to kiss you, and caress you, and do all the things that I like best?"

Rodimus groaned with a combination of excitement and frustration. He'd rarely been this revved up and while it was fantastic to find a lover who was so willing to give him exactly what he liked, it was both wonderful and terrible to want so much and get so little. "Yes! But--"

"What I like best, Rodimus," Megatron interrupted, bending down to whisper the words into his audial as his field surged with anticipation, "is to *tease*."

"Oh fragging Primus," he whimpered, because there was no doubt that Megatron meant it and he knew this game. He even liked playing it, but he was usually the one doing the teasing instead of the one being driven slowly insane. "You want me to beg? I can beg, no prob--"

Now Megatron kissed him and this time it was firm, and forceful, and deep, and fragging *hot*, and Rodimus was speechless and panting by the time he pulled away.

Megatron smirked, clearly well pleased with the picture he made. “Beg if it pleases you. I have never taken much notice of such things,” he said as he bent to nuzzle at his shoulder vents, and Rodimus was torn between arousal and dismay.

Never before had he been so off-balance in the berth. Usually he was so good at knowing what his lovers wanted, often even before they did, but even with Megatron’s field wide open like this, he didn’t know what to do to urge him to hurry. Dammit, was he really going to have to ask for direction like some virgin newbuild? He braced himself and said, “Megatrohhh!”

The name died on a moan as Megatron’s field rolled over him in a wave unlike anything he’d ever experienced. It was over almost at once, leaving his own field tingling in its wake. Brief flashes of pleasure lit up his neural net and he shivered from head to toe. “Wha... what was *that*?” he gasped.

Megatron chuckled again. “Still talking? We can either have a conversation about EM fields or I can use my mouth on this pretty frame of yours. You choose.”

Rodimus forced himself to swallow his questions. “Tell me later. There’s something else I really want your mouth to do now.”

“Demanding thing, aren’t you?” But Megatron didn’t sound displeased and his field was smug and hot. Rodimus’ cooling fans roared as he waited breathlessly to see if Megatron would do whatever that had been again.

He’d kissed his way down to Rodimus’ abdomen before he did. That rolling wave of sensation throbbed through Rodimus’ field, energy snapping in little starbursts of ecstasy as it passed. “*Fragging Primus!*” he cried, shuddering hard as his optics hazed with the intensity of it, and damn Megatron’s threats, he had to know. “Megatron, what--how are you *doing* that?”

To his very great relief, Megatron didn’t pause in his kisses over Rodimus’ abdominal biolights. That felt fantastic, but it was nothing compared to that wave of whatever-it-was. “You have such a lovely field, Rodimus, so beautifully responsive,” he murmured against his plating. “Has truly no one ever touched you this way before?”

He did it again before Rodimus could reply and the speedster arched hard, vocalizer spitting static and frame shaking. It was getting harder to think as his craving built, a blaze burning him from the inside out. “Oh please,” he panted, fingers digging into the berth coverings as he tried to hold himself together. “Oh please do it again, it feels so good, please!”

“Soon,” Megatron whispered, dragging his fingertips along the edge of Rodimus’ spoiler and making him moan again. “Soon, my sweet. But first...” He finally moved and freed Rodimus’ legs, and the speedster bit his lip hard when he felt his breath caress his spike. “First, however, I believe that there is something here that requires my attention.”

“Please,” Rodimus begged, hardly able to remember any other words as that one pounded in his processor. “Please, please, please--”

But Megatron apparently wasn’t done teasing him just yet. He flicked his glossa over the tip of his spike and his field surged with pleasure when Rodimus keened. He shouldered the speedster’s thighs apart and blew a hot exvent over his aching valve without ever once touching him. Rodimus reached down and tried to pull him closer, to get that mouth *on him already*, but Megatron only turned his head at the last moment, moving just enough so that his lips landed on the seam where thigh met

groin instead of on Rodimus' external node. "Primus damn you, Megatron!" he shouted in frustration only for another rush of energy to light up his field and steal the rest of his complaint.

By the time Megatron finally grabbed his hips in both hands and kissed the tip of his spike again, Rodimus was nearly sobbing with need. "Oh, you are glorious," Megatron whispered.

And then he swallowed his spike in one long, slow, decadent movement.

Rodimus shouted with ecstasy as Megatron proved that his mouth was talented at far more than just kissing and making speeches. The firm grip on his hips held him still and he was glad of it because he couldn't fully stop his hips from thrusting in time with Megatron's every move. He forced his optics open--when had he closed them?--and focused with difficulty because he *had* to see this.

That distinctive silver helm bobbed as Megatron took him deep, then slowly pulled off, releasing him almost completely before engulfing his length again, optics dimmed in pleasure. "Oh frag that's hot," he moaned as his once-enemy sucked his spike like it was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted.

Megatron met his optics and hummed as he swallowed around him, making Rodimus gasp out curses and pleas and something that might even have been a prayer. Fragging pit, he couldn't remember anything *ever* feeling this good, and that was even without him doing--

As though he'd read his mind, Megatron's field surged again. Rodimus' helm thumped back against the berth as he cried out with ecstasy. Unlike the other times, now it felt like Megatron was activating each of his EM receptors individually, triggering them one by one in a deliberate wave that built and built. His fingers clawed at the berth coverings, trying to find something, anything to hold onto, to ground him as the sensation took him higher than he'd ever been before, so high that it was almost frightening. It felt like it was going to swallow him whole and he whimpered, unsure if he wanted more or if he wanted it to stop before he blew apart.

Suddenly the grip on his hips vanished as strong hands covered his. Rodimus grabbed on tight and fought for control, for equilibrium, for anything familiar as the tension in his frame kept on building. A single garbled word broke through the static and cries, something that might have been *please*, but he didn't know what he was even asking for. It was too much and not enough and it felt so good that it almost hurt and it had never been like this, he had never *needed* like this, his entire frame yearned but he didn't know what he was supposed to *do*--

*::I've got you,::* Megatron commed him unexpectedly. His transmission was oddly calm even though his mouth never stilled on Rodimus' spike and his field continued dancing along his receptors, pushing him still higher. *::It's safe to let go. I will catch you.::*

Rodimus tried to respond, he really did. He tried to ask what the pit that even *meant*, what was he supposed to let go of because Megatron's tight grip on his hands made it clear that he didn't want Rodimus to let go of *him* and he wasn't holding onto anything else.

But a final surge from Megatron's EM field rolled through him in a crashing wave, wrenching the last vestige of control from him and pushing the cresting pleasure to its peak, and everything else was blown out of his processor. Energy burst through him, crackling along his neural pathways, lighting up his sensornet and rushing down his frame to his spike to pulse out of him in incandescent bursts of ecstasy right into Megatron's hungry mouth. Someone was shouting, a wordless, desperate cry, but it barely registered. Every last byte of his processor was consumed by the sensations rocking his frame, the feeling of Megatron swallowing around his length and humming with pleasure, his hands holding him tight, keeping him in one piece. And above all else, the overwhelming sense of Megatron's field all around him, awed and strong and ecstatic.



And then it was all too much, blue-screen, lights out.

Rodimus returned to his senses a bit at a time. He blinked and tried to lift his helm but his neck felt too weak to support it. In fact his entire frame felt weak, his fans were still running hot, and he was fairly certain that the trembling shaking the berth came from him and not the big, solid mech holding him.

But despite all of that, every single synapse and data relay sang with blissful satisfaction.

He finally managed to get his optics online and reset his vocalizer. He knew who was beside him even before he lifted his helm from Megatron's shoulder--that deep, rich field could belong to no one else. His co-captain gazed back at him, expression softer than anything Rodimus had ever seen from him, and he stroked Rodimus' cheek with one hand. Even now, it shocked him that the ex-warlord could be so very gentle and he had no idea what to say.

Megatron broke the silence before it could stretch out. "Thank you for sharing that with me, Rodimus," he murmured. "I am truly honored."

His frame might have been blissed out and limp, but even stunned as he was, Rodimus' processor was spinning a mile a minute. "What the pit just happened?" he said hoarsely.

Megatron smiled and caressed his cheek again. "That," he replied, "was the *little bonus at the end*. An overload," he clarified when Rodimus just gazed blankly at him as his words echoed in his audials.

*An overload.*

*That was an overload.*

For a moment, all Rodimus could do was stare at him. Then the words really sank in and his faceplates flushed with heat and confusion. "But... but I don't... no. What? I *can't* overload, Megatron!"

Megatron drew him down and kissed him. "Apparently you can and you do," he murmured against his lips. "And you are stunningly beautiful when the pleasure takes you. A flame wreathed in light... breathtaking. I would be glad of the chance to see it again."

He was still having trouble wrapping his sluggish processor around what had just happened. That... sweet Primus, that full-frame jolt, the mind-blowing ecstasy, the way everything else in the universe had ceased to exist... all this time he'd thought overloads were no big deal, thought that he'd known what he was missing.

He'd had no *idea*.

Rodimus finally managed to separate one question from the swirling confusion. "How did you do that? I thought I had tried everything but I've never even imagined what you just did."

Megatron rubbed a warm palm along his spinal strut. "I employed specific frequencies in my EM projections to manipulate your sensornet via your receptors." When Rodimus just looked blankly at him, he smiled faintly and said, "Field play, to put it more simply. You had mentioned enjoying the sense of your lover's field but didn't say anything about field play. I wondered if you'd never had the opportunity to try it during your experimentation."

Rodimus shook his head as his EM readers tinged with remembered bliss. "I've never even heard of that," he admitted. "Is it... you know, a Decepticon thing?"

“No, but it is a skill that requires practice,” Megatron replied, and if he was offended by Rodimus’ questions, he didn’t show it. “I’ve known several mecha who could do it to some degree, but it requires a level of concentration that can be difficult when... distracted.” That faint smile again. “But one who has taken the time to master the technique can bring their partner to overload without ever touching then.”

An hour ago, Rodimus would’ve scoffed at that. Now, though... “You’ve mastered it?”

This time Megatron grinned and his optics glinted in a way that sent a shudder through him. “My dear Rodimus,” he murmured, “I could overload you from across the room.”

Ohhh, that sounded good. As overwhelming and almost frightening as that overload had been, now that Rodimus was beginning to adjust to the idea, he really wanted to try it again. “Prove it,” he challenged hopefully.

That dangerous light blazed in Megatron’s optics. “I would love to. But,” he added, laying a finger across his lips when Rodimus tried to reply, “not just yet. For now, relax here with me and rest. A release that strong can be disorienting, especially if you are not accustomed to it.”

That... was something of an understatement. Rodimus couldn’t even muster up the energy to argue that he could decide for himself when and where to rest. Instead he put his head back down on Megatron’s broad shoulder and closed his optics to better concentrate on the feeling of strong arms wrapping around him, holding him close.

Catching him and keeping him safe.

He was almost in recharge again when he finally remembered what else he needed to say. “Megatron?” he murmured softly, hoping not to wake him if he was already asleep.

“Hmm?”

“... thank you. For... for that.”

Megatron stroked his spoiler, gentle and easy. Comforting, not arousing. “Believe me, that was most assuredly my pleasure.”

Rodimus could feel how much he meant it in his field--his sense of Megatron’s projections was nowhere near as strong as it had been while they were ‘facing, but even so, it was nice not to be shut out. He let his own field reply with gratitude, and amazement, and a hint of mischief. “And Megatron?”

“Hmm?”

Rodimus tipped his helm back so he could smile up at his lover. “Fair warning--I intend to make *you* blue-screen next time. You may need to rest up, old mech.”

Megatron chuckled and pulled him close again. “My dear, you are most welcome to try.”

## End Notes

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